

Hip. Twas Flavia,

Emil. Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* loves;  
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasond,  
More buckled with strong Iudgement, and their needes

2. Hearses ready with Palamon and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theseus and his Lordes ready.

The one of th'other may be said to water  
Their intertangled rootes of love, but I  
And shee (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,  
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements  
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect  
Rare issues by their operance; our soules  
Did so to one another; what she lik'd,  
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd  
No more arraignment, the flowre that I would plucke  
And put betweene my breasts, oh (then but beginning  
To swell about the blossome) she would long  
Till shee had such another, and commit it  
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phoenix*-like  
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy  
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty  
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed  
For my most serious decking, had mine eare  
Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd on  
From misicall Coynadge; why it was a note  
Whereon her spirits would sojourne (rather dwell on)  
And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearse  
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in  
Like old importments bastard, has this end,  
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be  
More then in sex individuall.

Hip. Yare out of breath

And this high speeded-pace, is but to say  
That you shall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)  
Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Sister,  
I must no more beleve thee in this point  
(Though, in't I know thou dost beleve thy selfe.)

Then

Then I will trust a sickely appetite,  
That loathes even as it longs; but sure my Sister  
If I were ripe for your perswasion, you  
Have saide enough to shake me from the Arme  
Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,  
I will now in, and kneele with great assurance,  
That we, more then his *Pirithous*, possesse  
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not against your faith,  
Yet I continue mine.

Exeunt.

Cornets.

Scena 4. A Battaille strooke with him: Then a Retrait: Florish.  
Then Enter *Theseus* (victor) the three Queenes meete  
him, and fall on their faces before him.

1. Qu. To thee no starre be darke.

2. Qu. Both heaven and earth  
Friend thee for ever.

3. Qu. All the good that may  
Be wishd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't. (vens  
*Thes.* Th' imparciall Gods, who from the mounted hea-  
View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,  
And in their time chastice: goe and finde out  
The bones of your dead Lords, and honour them  
With treble Ceremonie, rather then a gap  
Should be in their deere rights, we would suppl' it.  
But those we will depute, which shall invest  
You in your dignities, and even each thing  
Our hast does leave imperfect; So adiew  
And heavens good eyes looke on you, what are those?

Exeunt Queenes.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judgd  
By their appointment; Some of *Thebes* have told's  
They are Sisters children, Nephewes to the King.

*Thes.* By'th Helme of Mars, I saw them in the war,  
Like to a paire of Lions, smeard with prey,  
Make lanes in troopes agast, I fixt my note  
Constantly on them; for they were a marke

Worth